

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1852.

## LITERATURE.

## HAWTHORNE'S LIFE OF FRANKLIN PIERCE.\*

MR. HAWTHORNE introduces his *Life of Franklin Pierce* with a kind of deprecatory apology, stating that the work would not have been "voluntarily" undertaken by him, that "this species of writing is remote from his tastes," and that it has cost a sacrifice of some "foolish delicacy" to enter upon the undertaking. We confess that the squeamishness appears to us altogether superfluous, not at all overcoming our settled repugnance to prefatory apologies—the very worst introduction an orator or author can make of himself. We hold it to be quite within the range of the ordinary duties of a man of letters to write such a life; nor can we share in the regrets expressed by many, that Nathaniel Hawthorne has stooped from "the high region of his fancies" to perform the work.

Persons who object to the author of the *Scarlet Letter* engaging in this enterprise, must think the work itself either vicious or unnecessary, the manner of its execution bad, or some obvious motive of entering upon it corrupt. For the first of these cases, we hold more nobly of the state, as Malvolio says of the soul, than to be of that opinion. We are willing to think that any man who has undergone the scrutiny of a nominating Congress of either of the two great party divisions of the country, and been appointed one of the two candidates for the Presidency, between whom the choice for that high office is likely to be made—we are confident in maintaining, is a proper and honorable subject for biography. The interests of the country demand an account of him, and the best talent may be worthily employed in writing it. There are two points here worth noticing. An idea prevails among certain persons, that the business of politics is so essentially corrupt that its touch is defilement; and, as if to justify this view, a great deal of the political writing falls into inferior hands. This affected contempt for political affairs is, of course, a gross blunder of good citizenship, for the highest, most philosophical, and practical interest in a free commonwealth, is the study of politics, and woe to such a state where the study is disregarded. Nor do we believe that practically, public affairs fall into the worst hands: on the contrary, we hold our representative bodies throughout the country to represent fairly, in general, the intelligence of the country. There is a great deal of croaking, but the aggregate fitness of the country is chosen. The politics of the nation are certainly not so corrupt, that a respectable author injures himself by political writing. For the other cause of reproach, that the lives of official candidates are commonly written by low-minded hacks as a partisan job; we think the sooner the reproach, if it exist, is removed by good and true men entering the field, the better. The work requires ability of a high rank: it should be carefully sought out, well paid accordingly, and the best writers should frankly and faithfully serve the public in this way. It is a species of work for the people, in which the author who leaves for it his more inviting individual occupations, should receive a cordial support. We thank Mr.

Hawthorne for the good precedent of his life of Pierce.

The work itself being honorable and desirable, has Mr. Hawthorne brought any discredit upon himself by his manner of performing it? Is he an exaggerated, violent, untrue partisan, or does he serve the great universal aims of biography, by presenting a true and interesting picture of human life? No one who knows Mr. Hawthorne would attribute to him any conscious departure from the right. The biography of a living man, under these party circumstances, is necessarily a matter of eulogy, but what Mr. Pierce gains from this work will be from no false rhetoric or false positions. He is seen in his own natural height. There is no effort to prove him a "great" man, or make him out a first rate subject for biography—there is no character drawing, or comparative analysis after the manner of Clarendon and Plutarch, but the man such as he is, in the relations which he has borne to the American people, in his associations of birth, his education, his development, public and military life—is simply and clearly presented. As a composition, Hawthorne's life bears with it an air of modesty, reality, and truthfulness. We question whether any other American writer could have overcome the inevitable difficulties of a piece of biography of a living character, or met more reasonably and fairly to everybody the voracious claims of partisan eulogy. It would not have been possible for him to make an ordinary hack job of it, nor has he attempted it.

Allowing the work in itself to be good and to be well performed, the evil is then made, "It may be all very well, but the work is evidently written for an office. A pretty spectacle, a retired, self-denying poet bidding high for a share of the spoils of office." So pretty, that we should like to see it happen oftener, and public life the gainer by the successful result. If the ends are good to mankind in general, and the means taken are good, it is all nonsense to exclude the poet from the work. A poet cannot write poetry for ever, nor would he be able to live upon the proceeds should he do so. Literary men may and ought to take an active part in the affairs of the world, and there is no province where they are more wanted than the political.

So much for the fallacy implied in the censure we have heard from many lips—"We are sorry Hawthorne has done it." Moreover, there being no good reasons why he should not do it, there appears one very good reason why he should. "Nor can," says he, "it be considered improper (at least the author will never feel it so, although some foolish delicacy be sacrificed in the undertaking), that when a friend, dear to him almost from boyish days, stands up before his country, misrepresented by indiscriminate abuse on the one hand, and by aimless praise on the other, he should be sketched by one who has had opportunities of knowing him well, and who is certainly inclined to tell the truth."

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in the life of a democratic candidate for the Presidency. The masses want facts and deeds, clear narration, and everyday probability of motive. We appeal to Mr. Hawthorne, whether the attainment of these things in living biography costs him less intellectual effort than the description of his imaginary Pyncheons and Dimmesdales.

Having said thus much of this *Life of Pierce*, there is little need for us to enter into a detailed analysis of the book—the more particularly, as its general interest has already made it a familiar volume throughout the country. As a specimen, however, of Mr. Hawthorne's style in this department of literature, we may quote a detachable passage or two, remarking that no extraneous matter has been brought in to enlarge the book, no superfluous fine sentiments for effect, any more than if Mr. Hawthorne had taken for his model the concise business style of a Julius Cæsar. Here is an anecdote of Pierce worth fully the story of his Mexican campaign. It is what Carlyle would call of the first biographic vitality.

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"During the first two years, Pierce was extremely inattentive to his college duties, bestowing only such modicum of time upon them as was requisite to supply the merest superficial acquaintance with the course of study, for the recitation room. The consequence was, that, when the relative standing of the members of the class was first authoritatively ascertained, in the junior year, he found himself occupying precisely the lowest position in point of scholarship. In the first mortification of wounded pride, he resolved never to attend another recitation, and accordingly absented himself from college exercises of all kinds for several days, expecting and desiring that some form of punishment, such as suspension or expulsion, would be the result. The faculty of the college, however, with a wise lenity, took no notice of this behavior; and at last, having had time to grow cool, and moved by the grief of his friend Little and another classmate, Pierce determined to resume the routine of college duties. 'But,' said he to his friends, 'if I do so, you shall see a change!'

"Accordingly, from that time forward, he devoted himself to study. His mind, having run wild for so long a period, could be reclaimed only by the severest efforts of an iron resolution; and for three months afterwards, he rose at four in the morning, toiled all day over his books, and retired only at midnight, allowing himself but four hours to sleep. With habit and exercise, he acquired command over his intellectual powers, and was no longer under the necessity of application so intense. But from the moment when he made his resolve until the close of his college life, he never incurred a censure, never was absent (and then unavoidably) but from two college exercises, never went into the recitation room without a thorough acquaintance with the subject to be recited, and finally graduated as the third scholar of his class. Nothing save the low standard of his previous scholarship prevented his taking a yet higher rank.

"The moral of this little story lies in the stern and continued exercise of self-controlling will, which redeemed him from indolence, completely changed the aspect of his character, and made this the turning point of his life."

A development of power is several times noticed by Hawthorne as a characteristic of his subject.

## PROGRESS OF CHARACTER.

"In June, 1842, he signified his purpose of retiring from the Senate.

\* *Life of Franklin Pierce*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Ticknor, Reid, & Fields, 1852.

"It was now more than sixteen years since the author of this sketch had been accustomed to meet Frank Pierce (that familiar name, which the nation is adopting as one of its household words) in habits of daily intercourse. Our modes of life had since been as different as could well be imagined; our culture and labor were entirely unlike; there was hardly a single object or aspiration in common between us. Still we had occasionally met, and always on the old ground of friendly confidence. There were sympathies that had not been suffered to die out. Had we lived more constantly together, it is not impossible that the relation might have been changed by the various accidents and attritions of life; but having no mutual events, and few mutual interests, the tie of early friendship remained the same as when we parted. The modifications which I saw in his character were those of growth and development; new qualities came out or displayed themselves more prominently, but always in harmony with those heretofore known. Always I was sensible of progress in him; a characteristic—as, I believe, has been said in the foregoing pages—more perceptible in Franklin Pierce than in any other person with whom I have been acquainted. He widened, deepened, rose to a higher point, and thus ever made himself equal to the ever-heightening occasion. This peculiarity of intellectual growth, continued beyond the ordinary period, has its analogy in his physical constitution—it being a fact that he continued to grow in stature between his twenty-first and twenty-fifth years."

The chapters on the Mexican War are clearly given, and the Diary of Pierce himself, written at the time, is favorable to the straightforward good sense attributed to him. An anecdote in Pierce's narrative, which may be separated from the daily detail, is the account of Capt. Bodfish's substitute for the destroyed arch of the Plan del Rio.

#### BODFISH'S ROAD.

"Removing the barricade at the small bridge, and proceeding about four hundred yards, we came to the Plan del Rio, over which there had been a bridge similar to Puente Nacional. It was a magnificent structure of art, combining great strength and beauty, a work of the old Spaniards, so many of which are found upon this great avenue from the coast, fitted to awaken the admiration and wonder of the traveller. The fact that the main arch, a span of about sixty feet, had been blown up, first burst upon me as I stood upon the brink of the chasm, with a perpendicular descent of nearly a hundred feet, to the bed of a rapid stream, much swollen by the recent rains. As far as the eye could reach, above and below, the banks on the west side, of vast height, descended precipitously, almost in a perpendicular line, to the water's edge.

"This sudden and unexpected barrier, I need not say, was somewhat withering to the confidence with which I had been animated. The news having extended back along the line, my officers soon crowded around me; and the deep silence that ensued was more significant than anything which could have been spoken. After a few moments' pause, this silence was broken by many short, epigrammatical remarks, and more questions. 'We have it before us now!' said Lieutenant Colonel Hebert. 'The destruction of this magnificent and expensive work of a past generation could not have been ordered, but upon a deliberate and firm purpose of stern resistance.' 'This people have destroyed,' said another, 'what they never will rebuild.' 'What is to be done with this train?' 'What do you purpose now, general?' 'To have it closed up,' I replied, 'as compactly as possible to-night,

and to cross to-morrow with every wagon!' But, I confess, there was no very distinct idea, in my own mind, how the thing was to be accomplished.

"I ought to have mentioned that the Ninth Infantry, under the gallant Colonel Ransom, which was that day in advance, on discovering that the bridge had been blown up, and supposing the enemy to be in force on the other side, immediately descended the steep banks, by the aid of trees and other supports, and forded the river. They then took possession of a church on the other side.

"A long hill descends from the west towards this river; the road is narrow, and there is no ground for an encampment or the packing of wagons. The wagons, therefore, having been closed up, were of necessity left in the wood, making a line of more than a mile and a half in length. Thus disposed, every precaution was taken for the protection of the train, and the brigade was left to bivouac.

"The growth, for miles around, was low and scrubby, affording no timber to reconstruct the arch; and it was perfectly apparent that no passage could be effected at the north. Lieutenant Thom, and two or three scientific officers with him, had been occupied from the time of our arrival in making a careful reconnaissance down the banks of the river, for two or three miles below. At dusk, they reported that the difficulties in that direction did not diminish, but that a road might probably be constructed down the bank, some hundred yards south of the bridge. Weary, and not in the most buoyant spirits, we all sank to repose.

"Early the next morning, I sent for Captain Bodfish, of the Ninth Infantry, an officer of high intelligence and force of character. He had been engaged for many years in the lumber business, and accustomed to the construction of roads in the wild and mountainous districts of Maine, and was withal a man not lightly to be checked by slight obstacles in the accomplishment of an enterprise. It occurred to me, that he was the very man whose services should on this occasion be put in requisition.

"Being informed of the object for which he had been called, he retired, and, returning in half an hour, said that he had examined the ground, and that the construction of a road, over which the train might safely pass, was practicable. 'What length of time,' he was asked, 'will necessarily be occupied in the completion of the work?' 'That,' said he, 'will depend upon the number of men employed. If you will give me five hundred men, I will furnish you a road over which the train can pass safely in four hours.' The detail was immediately furnished; and, at the end of three hours, this energetic and most deserving officer reported to me that the road was ready for the wagons. Fortune favored us in more respects than one. The water in the river, in the rainy seasons a rapid and unfordable stream, fell one and a half feet from the time of our arrival to the hour of the completion of the work. 'Bodfish's road' (unless this nation shall be regenerated) will be the road, at that place, for Mexican diligences, for half a century to come."

Hawthorne's own continuation of these scenes is brief and clear, the chief requisites in the description of a battle.

For a peculiarly neat piece of Hawthorne's characterization, which shows of what he is capable were he further to enter upon a field to which his genius certainly invites him—that of American History, we may refer the reader to the story of the vacillating New Hampshire canvas for Governor, of the Reverend John Atwood. It is as choice a bit as the sketches of the politicians prefixed to the *Scarlet Letter*, and

which have excited the admiration and the hostility of many of Mr. Hawthorne's commentators.

#### BUCKINGHAM'S PERSONAL MEMOIRS.\*

MR. BUCKINGHAM, the veteran editor of Boston, now in his seventy-third year, having in two recent volumes given a faithful chronicle of his New England predecessors, seems fairly entitled to a couple more giving an account of himself. His various editorial engagements and successes are part of the local history of the times, and afford some insight into the progress of manners and culture; but their literary value is slight compared with the truly American lessons of self-denial, perseverance, and sagacity, which crown with respect and influence a youth of poverty, destitution, and severe humility. We could not recommend this discipline to the state or to parents, for it will be very apt to leave its defects and stains upon the after career, and, commonly, for the higher purposes of life, it would prove a failure; but it is an honor to America that no misfortune of birth or poverty is an impassable barrier to honorable success. The child of the humblest pauper may raise himself by his talents and industry to positions where his previous indigence will only be taken as proof of his talent in rising above it.

Mr. Buckingham has told his story wisely and manfully. His father, whose name by the way was Tinker, was a shoemaker and tavern-keeper of the days of the Revolution, who died in 1783, leaving to a widow and ten children an estate of several thousand dollars—in Continental currency. The widow remained in the tavern till ill success compelled her to relinquish that undertaking; her home then dwindled to two hired rooms in the house which she had once called her own; an execution—what American family has not its traditions of those hard legal services of these "good old times?"—followed, and the good woman of the household, the pious mother, became the pauper care of the select-men of the town. The reminiscences of this period do honor to the writer's head and heart. Of that time of poverty, he says:—

"But the depth of her destitution and distress she had not yet reached. There were still some demands against her late husband's estate pressing for payment. How long she continued with us in this house, I cannot tell, but I think I could not have been more than four years and a half old, when another portion of her scanty stock of furniture was taken from her by an officer of the law. With one bed, a case of drawers, two or three chairs, and a few cooking utensils, she left the rooms she had occupied and took refuge in the adjoining building, which my father had erected some twenty years before for a workshop. She held me and my sister by the hand, while a constable sold, at the door, the only andirons, shovel and tongs, chairs, beds, table, &c., which she had reserved when she left the tavern;—leaving her one bed, one table, three chairs, the old case of drawers, a frying-pan and tea-kettle, and probably the articles absolutely necessary to enable a woman and two children to eat their food with decency;—but of this I am not positive. I went to a wheelwright's shop on the opposite side of the street, and gathered some chips to build a fire in our new habitation. The place of andirons was sup-

\* Personal Memoirs and Recollections of Editorial Life. By Joseph T. Buckingham. 2 vols. Ticknor, Reid & Fields.



plied with stones, taken from the street, and the service of shovel and tongs was performed by a spoke from a broken wheel,—the gift of our neighbor the wheelwright."

Here, and in many other pages are the naked facts, a simple statement, which the art of De Foe or Dickens cannot surpass.

The boy is then taken and apprenticed to a farmer of Windham, in the description of whom we have a marked picture of the

#### OLD NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

"This family consisted of Mr. Welsh and his wife, both of whom were over sixty years of age; two daughters, past thirty; and a son about twenty-five. I was immediately instructed in the performance of such labors as were suitable to my age and strength, but was never taxed beyond that capacity. During the whole term that I lived with them, from the age of six and a half to sixteen, I felt not the loss of parents. When my mother came to see me, which was three or four times a year, it is true that the parting was accompanied with a sigh or a tear, but the emotion of sorrow soon passed away. To this period of my life I never look back but with feelings of gratitude. Though never suffered to be idle, no hardship was ever imposed; and I am not sure that I was not treated, in some respects, with more indulgence than if I had been a grand-child of the worthy old couple.

"From my earliest recollection I was fond of books, and my propensity to reading was indulged to as great an extent as circumstances admitted. At that time, a farmer in Connecticut was not expected to keep much of a library. The Bible and Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns were indispensable in every family, and ours was not without them. There were, also, on the 'book shelf,' a volume or two of Sermons, 'Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion,' and a very few other books and pamphlets, chiefly of a religious character. For a number of years, and until the old lady died, I read every day, at least one chapter, and often two or three chapters in the Bible. This was a daily exercise immediately after dinner, when the good old couple sat down to smoke their pipe. They probably thought it their duty to demand this of me; but I believe it was a pleasure to them to hear me, as I am sure it was to me to be permitted to read. I have no doubt that I read the Bible through in course at least a dozen times before I was sixteen years old, with no other omissions than the jaw-breaking chapters of the Chronicles. The historical parts I had read much oftener, and the incidents and the language became almost as familiar as the grace which the old gentleman said before and after meals,—neither of which ever varied a word during the nine years and a half that I lived with him."

And here is the corner-stone of future fortunes:—

#### THE FIRST SHILLING.

"While in the family of Mr. Welsh,—trained as I was to simple and economical habits,—I knew nothing of expensive pleasures; and, thus happily ignorant, I felt not the want of the means of indulgence. My visits to my mother, and the amusements of the class of persons with whom I associated, required no expenditure of money. Of what are called 'perquisites,' I had none before I was fourteen years old. Then I was allowed the privilege of selling to a brush-maker the bristles that came from the swine as they were slaughtered. For a small bunch of these I received ninepence (the eighth of a dollar), and this was the first bit of silver that I could call mine. It was kept for years as a *pocket-piece*, and, when parted with, it was to pay the postage of a let-

ter to my mother. At the same time, the privilege was granted to me of selling a certain quantity of walnuts, of which the woods and pastures afforded a plentiful supply. A bushel or two, in the autumn of 1794, produced a sum sufficient to enable me to buy a slate and pencil, Dilworth's Arithmetic, and the Second and Third Parts of Noah Webster's 'American Institute,'—the Grammar and the Selection of Reading Lessons. Grammar was not then a study in the district schools; but I had conceived an idea that the knowledge of it was a desirable accomplishment. I therefore undertook to study it, *by myself*. But my ambition soon received a check. After a number of evenings spent in committing twenty or thirty pages to memory, and confusing my head with numbers and cases, modes and tenses, declensions and conjugations, I discovered that my attempt to learn, without an instructor, was vain and useless, and my Grammar was thrown aside as a seven-sealed book."

A youth of these dispositions became inevitably in those days a printer; then came the career in the office, with fellow-craftsmen, and a succession of newspaper reminiscences. His recollections of his companions at Boston, in the printing establishment of Manning & Loring, would do no discredit to a place in the autobiography of Franklin—a work which we may presume Mr. Buckingham to have faithfully made himself master of.

A printer of this stamp is pretty sure to graduate, in no long time, as an editor. Mr. Buckingham began in the year 1806 with the *Polyanthos*, monthly, with portraits of reverend doctors and popular actors. The public, as usual, was "undiscerning"—Mr. B. knows the very word—and twenty numbers, long life under the circumstances, closed that affair. Five years afterwards came more *Polyanthos*, with positive perseverance and doubtful success. The *Ordeal*, political, was thrown out in the interval, 1809, but federalism and six months strangled that. In 1817 came Mr. B.'s notable enterprise for those days, "The New England Galaxy," a weekly literary miscellany, in which he had a well known industrial of literature, the late Samuel L. Knapp, for a coadjutor. The starting point is the history of many such an enterprise:—

#### STARTING A NEWSPAPER.

"Notwithstanding the confident tone of my prospectus and salutatory address, it was not without doubt and misgivings that I proceeded with my undertaking. A wife and six children (the eldest about eleven years old) had no other resource than my labor for their daily bread, clothing, a house for shelter, and the means of education. I had not a dollar wherewith to procure a printing apparatus, ink, paper, &c. Everything was to be got (if got at all) on credit, and of that I had none, except what a few friends gave me for industry and perseverance. A fount of second-hand types was bought of John Eliot, a printer, son of the Rev. Dr. John Eliot,—and an old press from some one (not a printer), whose name is forgotten, who took my note for one hundred dollars, payable in ninety days, and a mortgage on the press as collateral security. The press was almost worthless, but I managed to use it a year or two, and sold it for fifteen dollars! These articles, with the other furniture indispensable in a printing-office, were placed in the upper story of an old rickety building, No. 17 Cornhill (now Washington street), three doors south of State street; and there the *Galaxy* was printed and published

two or three years. Two or three hundred copies were distributed gratuitously, chiefly in Boston. Towards evening on the day of the first publication, the late Thomas W. Sumner, a member of the Mechanic Association, came into the office, and offered me three dollars, the price of a year's subscription. I declined to take more than half the sum,—telling him that I did not believe that I should be able to publish the paper more than six months. 'Very well,' said he, 'in that case you shall be welcome to the balance.' I took it, and gave him a receipt for the year's subscription; and this was the first *solid* encouragement that was given to the *Galaxy*."

Mr. Buckingham's notices of his contributors are of interest, and are welcome supplements to his published reminiscences of the earlier newspaper literature. We are now in 1821, and the "Galaxy" shows its independence by making itself a gathering-place for the hostile criticisms on Edmund Kean—when it doubtless might have done much better service to the intellect of the town by taking the other side. "It was at the close," says Mr. B., "of Kean's first engagement in Boston, that, in a speech from the stage, he called Boston 'the literary emporium of the new world'—an expression which soon became a proverb, and is now frequently heard, sometimes in derision, but quite as often in sober earnest."

Mr. Buckingham seems to have been somewhat pragmatical and wrong-headed in his theatrical criticism. He took so much pains to put the public out of conceit with Charles Mathews, when that original comedian visited Boston in 1823, that the immortal Ollapod & Co. visited the newspapers with a libel suit, which, however, never came to trial. There were one or two others of these peculiar enjoyments of the editorial life of some note, particularly a copious bill of unfriendly particulars published against the Rev. John N. Maffit—for which a jury cleared the editor, with a verdict of Not Guilty.

In 1827 came an amusing experience in the proceedings touching an award for a prize prologue. The successful poem, one of forty, passed through Mr. Buckingham's hands to the credit of one J. Jamieson, for whom Mr. B. received the money, one hundred dollars. The poet Sprague was on the committee, and of course the disappointed—disappointed prize-poets will say or believe anything—charged the anonymous to him, as an ingenious device to fob a little reputation with a small amount of money. There was hot water flying all around, in the Bunker Hill Aurora, the Newburyport Herald, the Literary Casket, the American Traveller, with the far-off echoes of "two or more Philadelphia papers." The successful piece was, of course, pronounced "one of the weakest productions we ever read," and there was a call for the publication of the rejected—with various shots at Charles Sprague—who fired off a sharp letter in reply. Mr. Sprague being out of it, the Rev. John Pierpont, who appears to have been the author, was plunged in. Mr. Buckingham was seriously called to give his testimony, on an ecclesiastical trial of that clergyman, to prove him guilty of falsehood in denying the authorship. And this was the last bubble of a great tempest in a tea-pot.

In 1824 Mr. Buckingham established the *Boston Courier* as the advocate of American manufactures. His son, Edwin, subsequently became associated with him, and in

1831 projected the *New England Magazine*, which his early death left in the hands of his father. It was a useful, faithful publication, and well deserved to have been kept alive to this day in the "literary emporium." The first articles and poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes appeared in it, alongside of a host of worthy contributors. Its critical sagacity was sometimes "out," but its appearance was a decided advance upon American publications of its class.

We cannot pursue the political and non-political reminiscences of the *Courier*. In 1848 Mr. Buckingham took his editorial farewell of its pages. Of his political career as a member of his State Legislature Mr. B.'s notices are brief; and he soon closes his narrative with a dedication, in conclusion, to his children and friends.

The book is upon the whole written with care and propriety, is neat and methodic in its arrangement (with the lamentable omission of a much wanted index), and will be likely to live as an interesting memorial of the times. Its chief personal interest we have alluded to at the outset. We cannot flatter Mr. Buckingham with any great admiration of his newspaper quotations from himself, but we may say that in many parts of this book he has greatly improved upon them; and that he has done one of the most difficult things in the world, in writing two volumes about himself and friends in a readable and reputable manner.

#### GAYARRE'S LOUISIANA.\*

MR. GAYARRE'S Third Series of Lectures is, in fact, a history of Louisiana from the appointment of the Marquis de Vaudreuil as governor, in 1743, to the cession of the colony to Spain, in 1762. More than half the volume is occupied with the incidents connected with this cession, which, made by the arbitrary act of the French government, more it would seem to be rid of an unproductive and expensive piece of property than for any other reason, could not fail to be unpalatable to the colonists. Besides, Spain showed no alacrity in accepting the magnificent gift tendered her, and for years the colonists were exposed to the disadvantages of an uncertain rule, French commanders being in authority at one point and Spanish at another. When after long delay the Spanish governor arrived, in the person of the celebrated traveller and scientific explorer, Ulloa, though an able and conscientious man, he does not seem to have possessed the tact requisite to adapt himself to a population injured by previous misrule, possessed of little enterprise and forethought, and chafing not only under foreign sway, but at the insulting disregard to their wishes, by which the transfer of themselves and their property had been effected. After a while, an insurrection broke out, Ulloa retired, and the government remained for a time in the hands of the insurgents, who, it is said, meditated a republic. As this point is one of interest, we quote Mr. Gayarre's remarks.

"Reduced to the last stage of despair, the Hotapurs among the insurgents proposed to expel Aubry, and the few French troops that were in the colony, to proclaim New Orleans a free port and to form a republic, where the oppressed and the needy among all the nations

of the earth, would find a refuge and a home. The chief of the republic was to be styled *Protector*, and to be assisted by a council of forty men elected by the people, either for life, or for a certain number of years. A bank, on the plan of that of Amsterdam or of Venice, was to be created, and to furnish the commonwealth with the currency of which it would stand in need. The Swiss captain Marquis had originated this scheme of a republic; and he violently and openly recommended its adoption—so much so, that it became a subject of discussion, for and against, in printed and in manuscript documents, which were circulated throughout the colony, and some of which are really of a curious character.

"If the plan of Marquis could have been executed, and a Lord Protector elected, it is probable that Lafrénière would have become the Cromwell of Louisiana. There is no doubt but that the colonists would have eagerly adopted this form of government, had it been possible at the time; for it must be recollected that, from the earliest existence of the colony, almost all its governors had uniformly complained of the republican spirit which they had observed in the inhabitants. It would seem as if the European emigrants, on their arriving in Louisiana, had so imbibed the conception and the love of independence from the roaming life of the aborigines, from the sight of the boundless forests, from the immensity of the domain which invited conquest, that they waxed impatient of the yoke imposed upon them by a distant power. But the colonists, on maturer and cooler reflection, became convinced that France, Spain and England, for reasons too obvious to be enumerated, would never permit their rebellion to terminate successfully into the establishment of a republic in Louisiana. They therefore abandoned the idea as quixotic; but they, nevertheless, bequeathed to their posterity the right of claiming for Louisiana the merit of having been the first European colony that entertained the design of proclaiming her independence. The stoutest hearts, however, and the noblest minds cannot achieve impossibilities. The thought of a republic had been but a rosy colored bubble of the imagination, or rather a fitting rainbow, spanning the firmament of a dream, and encouraging hopes but to have them extinguished in the night of the gathering storm. So was it with the majority of the colonists, who in the wreck of their fortunes, having in vain looked round for any means of salvation, now abandoned themselves to the course of events, and were constrained passively to wait for what fate would ultimately decide."

On the arrival of the news in Spain, General O'Reilly, an Irishman by birth, who had enlisted in the Spanish army at an early age, and distinguished himself in several European engagements, was sent out as governor, with full powers and forces to quell the insurrection. This was accomplished on his arrival, the leaders submitting without a struggle. They were, however, arrested, tried, condemned, and executed. The event caused great excitement in the colony, and to some extent in France, the sufferers having been men of high rank and distinction. Mr. Gayarre is inclined to justify the course pursued by O'Reilly, rightly remarking that he should be judged by the standards of his own rather than of our day.

A picturesque glimpse is given at the close of the narrative of these proceedings, of the mode of life in Louisiana at that time.

"The inventories made of the property of the twelve gentlemen, whom the decree of the Spanish tribunal had convicted of rebellion, afford interesting proofs of the Spartan sim-

plicity which existed in the colony. Thus the furniture of the bedroom of Madame Villere, who was the wife of one of the most distinguished citizens of Louisiana, and the granddaughter of De Lachaise, who came to the colony, in 1723, as ordaining commissary, was described as consisting of a cypress bedstead, three feet wide by six in length, with a mattress of corn shucks and one of feathers on the top, a bolster of corn shucks, and a coarse counterpane or quilt, manufactured probably by the lady herself, or by her servants; six chairs of cypress wood, with straw bottoms; some candlesticks with common wax, the candles made in the country, &c., &c. The rest of the house was not more splendidly furnished, and the house itself, as described in the inventory, must have looked very much like one of those modest and unpainted little wood structures which are, to this day, to be seen in many parts of the banks of the river Mississippi, and in the Attakapas and Opelousas parishes. They are the tenements of our small planters who own only a few slaves, and they retain the appellation of *Maisons d'Acadiens*, or *Acadian houses*. Villere's plantation, situated at the German coast, was not large, and the whole of his slaves, of both sexes and of all ages, did not exceed thirty-two. His friends and brother conspirators, who were among the first gentlemen in the land, did not live with more ostentation. All the sequestered property being sold, it was found that, after having distributed among the widows and other creditors what they were entitled to, and after paying the costs of the trial and inventories, the royal treasury had nothing or very little to receive. These costs, however, were moderate, for they amounted only to 782 livres, or about \$157, for each of the persons convicted.

"There were but humble dwellings in Louisiana in 1769, and he who would have judged of their tenants from their outward appearance, would have thought that they were occupied by mere peasants, but had he passed their thresholds he would have been amazed at being welcomed with such manners as were habitual in the most polished court of Europe, and entertained by men and women wearing with the utmost ease and grace the elegant and rich costume of the reign of Louis XV. There, the powdered head, the silk and gold flowered coat, the lace and frills, the red heeled shoe, the steel-handled sword, the silver knee buckles, the high and courteous bearing of the gentleman, the hoop petticoat, the brocaded gown, the rich head-dress, the stately bow, the slightly rouged cheeks, the artificially graceful deportment, and the aristocratic features of the lady, formed a strange contrast with the roughness of surrounding objects. It struck one with as much astonishment as if diamonds had been found capriciously set by some unknown hand in one of the wild trees of the forest, or it reminded the imagination of those fairy tales in which a princess is found asleep in a solitude, where none but beasts of prey were expected to roam."

Although this portion of Mr. Gayarre's work does not abound in the romantic to the extent of the previous volume, we yet find an abundance of exciting episode and pleasing anecdote in its pages. Thus at the very outset, we have the following agreeable instances of true chivalric feeling in the noble Vaudreuil, the successor of Bienville in the governorship of Louisiana.

"It happened that one of his servants acted with insolence towards an officer of the garrison in New Orleans, who had come to pay his respects to the governor on one of his reception days. The marchioness having been informed of the fact, brought it to the knowledge

\* Louisiana: Its History as a French colony. Third Series of Lectures, by Charles Gayarre. John Wiley.



of her husband, and insisted on the culprit's being dismissed. De Vandreuil acquiesced in a demand which he thought just, and consented to part with that servant, although a favorite one. He sent for his privy purse, and after having paid the wages due to the servant, he added a bounty of three hundred livres. His wife expostulated with him on this strange piece of liberality, and observed that it was offering a reward to impertinence. Unmoved, and without returning an answer, the Marquis threw again three hundred livres to the lacquey, and seeing the flush of anger rising on his wife's brow: 'Madam,' said he, with great composure, 'I do not reward him for his insolence, but for his faithful past services, and if you show too much displeasure to the poor devil, I will give him the whole purse, to indemnify him for his having incurred the mortification which you now inflict upon him.'

"Once an officer of the garrison wrote against him to the minister of marine. The minister transmitted the letter to De Vandreuil. One day the same officer was addressing some gross flattery to the Marquis, who stood it for a while, but the dose becoming too nauseating, 'What conduct is this?' exclaimed the Marquis, 'how dare you thus give the lie to your own written assertions? Is it possible that you should so soon have forgotten a certain letter which you have written against me?' 'A letter against you, general, and from me?' 'Yes, sir.' 'I swear that nothing can be more false.' 'Beware, sir; do not force me to look for that letter, for if you compel me to take that trouble, I will immediately have your commission taken away from you.' The officer did not reply, and never, from that moment, did the Marquis open his lips on the subject, or show by any act that he remembered the circumstance.

"It also happened, that a menial in his household had lost or mislaid a valuable piece of plate. The Marquis was at table when the offence was discovered, and the guilty one, trembling with emotion, and overwhelmed with shame at his being accused of so much negligence, and perhaps of theft, was brought up to his presence. The Marquis, at first, looked at him with some severity of countenance, but his face soon resumed its usual benevolent expression, and turning to his butler, he said: 'Get a bottle of my best wine, and give it to this poor fellow to cure him of his fright.' This is enough; no more can be wanted to give the measure of De Vandreuil's heart."

We are promised in the Preface a continuation of this work, which will embrace the history of Louisiana under its Spanish rule, and up to its purchase by the United States. We shall look for it with interest, for there are few books which we open with greater anticipations of enjoyment than those of this author.

#### LORD MAHON'S REJOINDER TO MR. SPARKS.\*

OUR readers are familiar with the points made against Mr. Sparks, as an editor of the writings of Washington, originally in this country by Friar Lubin in the *Evening Post*, and shortly afterwards in England, by Lord Mahon, in the appendix to the recent volumes of his *History of England*. These drew forth from Mr. Sparks a reply, in which he successfully defended himself from the charge of voluntary additions to the text of Washington's letters, but was not so successful in his explanation of certain omissions of

parts of his letters, and what he was pleased to consider justifiable corrections of the text. It was on these points of "alterations, abridgments, and consequent mutilations" that (*Lit. World*, No. 213) we rested our comments upon the first appearance of the Friar Lubin bill of indictment. They still remain, with fact and inference substantially where we placed them.

It is not a question of personal respect to Mr. Sparks, who, for his eminent literary services, is entitled to the gratitude of the country, but it is the establishment or overthrow of a principle of historical composition. If Mr. Sparks has proposed a dangerous precedent, his friends may naturally desire to shield him from the inconveniences of criticism; but they will, as Lord Mahon urges, find his account and their own, in the end, in deferring to the greater claims of Historical Truth.

How stands the case now between Lord Mahon and Mr. Sparks? The former, in his "letter" just published, begins with the remark, that he is not indebted to the *Evening Post* for his critique on Mr. Sparks. His discoveries were made at an earlier day by comparison of the Washington letters as they appear in the published Reed Correspondence, and as they appear in Mr. Sparks's Collection. "The charge of tampering with the truth of history," says Lord Mahon, "so far as published documents of an older date are concerned, may be resolved into three—namely of omissions, corrections, and additions. All these three charges I intended distinctly to bring against you as the editor of 'Washington's Letters.'" The gravest of these charges, that of additions to the text, was found to rest on an accidental omission in the Philadelphia Reed Correspondence, as published from the originals. So Mr. Sparks came off on that point in triumph. Mr. Reed's transcriber had left out the words in italics, supposed to be added by Mr. Sparks, in the following sentence of a letter of Washington in 1776. "The drift and design (of Great Britain) are obvious; but is it possible that any sensible nation upon earth can be imposed upon by such a cobweb scheme or gauze covering." Lord Mahon, of course, withdraws his censure on this point, and honorably adds a further expression of regret that the evidence had led him to write more harshly of Mr. Sparks, in one or two passages of his *History*, than he would have done without this imputation.

There remain, then, the "omissions and corrections." Lord Mahon is willing to admit the necessity for the amendment of obvious slips of the pen, manifest faults of grammar or spelling, but still finds in Mr. Sparks's alterations something more than these:

"You admit, I apprehend, that where, for example, Washington in familiar correspondence mentions 'Old Put,' you have made him say 'General Putnam' (April 1, 1776); that where he speaks of a small sum as 'but a flea-bite at present,' you have substituted the words 'totally inadequate to our demands at this time' (November 28, 1775); that where, in the same letter, he complains of an incompetent secretary, and adds, 'I shall make a lame hand, therefore, to have two of this kidney,' you prefer to lean on the preceding paragraph, that they cannot 'render that assistance which is expected from them.'"

Lord Mahon complained of Mr. Sparks in these passages, "as he thinks, correcting and

embellishing" Washington's style. Mr. Sparks replied that "his Lordship also undertakes to inform his readers what the editor thinks; but I assure him that the editor never had such a thought, nor ever dreamed of embellishing Washington's language in any manner whatever." What then do you call it? asks Lord Mahon. "Of course you must be the best authority as to your own intentions. Yet, let me ask you, what other motive can by possibility be assigned for such corrections besides the one that I have stated? Is it not quite clear, in these cases, that you were seeking to use language more conformable to Washington's dignity of character than Washington could use for himself? We in England, with the highest respect for the memory of that great man, believe that in his own true form he is sufficiently exalted. It is only some of his countrymen who desire to set him upon stilts?"

Lord Mahon censures both Washington and Sparks for another suppressed passage. On the 1st of April, 1776, Washington writes of the loyalist Americans left behind at Boston: "One or two of them have committed what it would have been happy for mankind if more of them had done long ago—the act of suicide!" This he considers a very strong and malignant sentiment for Washington.

The "omission" of the bitter language applied to the English is also set down to a similar motive, of protecting the ideal Washington. "You will not allow him, as he appears in your pages, to call Lord Dunmore 'that arch traitor to the rights of humanity' (Dec. 15, 1775); or the English people 'a nation which seems to be lost to every sense of virtue, and to those feelings which distinguish a civilized people from the most barbarous savages' (Jan. 31, 1776). Again, where Washington really wrote, that in the Carolinas 'Mr. Martin's first attempt [through those universal instruments of tyranny, the Scotch] has met with its deserved success; you leave out the passage in the brackets (April 1, 1776). You deemed, no doubt, that such phrases were not perfectly consistent with Washington's severe and lofty character. Yet I, as a Briton, can read them without resentment, and should have certainly retained them."

Another class of these omissions is referred by Lord Mahon to a jealous local regard for the good fame and name of New England:—

"The facts, as I understand it, are not here disputed. Where Washington speaks of certain shippers from New England as 'our racially privateer-men,' you leave out the epithet (Nov. 20, 1775). Where he speaks of certain soldiers from Connecticut as showing 'a dirty mercenary spirit,' you leave out the former epithet also (Nov. 28, 1775). Where he complains of the inadequate supply of money to his camp from the Provincial Assemblies, you suppress his concluding exclamation: 'Strange conduct this!' (Dec. 15, 1775). One New England officer is not, it seems to be mentioned by Washington with a touch of irony, as 'the noble Colonel Enos,' and that epithet is likewise to be expunged (Nov. 20, 1775). Of another New England officer, Colonel Hancock, you will not allow Washington to express his suspicion, with respect to a letter of his own, that 'Colonel Hancock read what I never wrote' (Dec. 25, 1775). Of a kind New England officer you will not allow Washington to observe, 'I have no opinion at all of

\* Letter to Jared Sparks, Esq.; being a Rejoinder to his "Reply to the Strictures of Lord Mahon, and others, on the Mode of Editing the Writings of Washington." London: Murray.

Wooster's enterprising genius" (Jan. 23, 1776). Of a fourth, General Fry, you will not allow us to hear that 'at present he keeps his room, and talks learnedly of emetics and cathartics. For my own part I see nothing but a declining life that matters him' (March 7, 1776). Nor are we to have the amusing description of a fifth New England officer, General Ward, who first resigned on account of his ill health, and then retracted his resignation, 'on account, as he says, of its being disagreeable to some of the officers. Who those officers are, I have not heard. They have been able, no doubt, to convince him of his mistake, and his health will allow him to be alert and active!' (April 1, 1776). You will not suffer Washington to say of Massachusetts, as compared with other States, "there is no nation under the sun that I ever came across pays greater adoration to money than they do" (Feb. 10, 1776). You will not suffer him to say, when New England had failed to supply him with the gunpowder he needed, 'We have everything but the thing ready for any offensive operation' (Feb. 26, 1776). Here you think fit to omit the three most important words, 'but the thing,' by which Washington, in a becoming soldier phrase, meant powder. And by this omission you have entirely altered the representation of his circumstances, which he intended to convey."

These, be it noted, have no benefit of clergy from the discrepancies between Washington's letter-books and his letters as sent; they are from the Reed Correspondence, of which there are no duplicates in the letter-books. "Can any dispassionate reader," asks Lord Mahon of Mr. Sparks, "be in doubt as to the course which you have pursued? Can he be in doubt as to the motive which, unconsciously, perhaps, has been working in your mind? Is it not quite clear that in these omissions you have been desirous to strike out, as far as possible, every word or phrase that could possibly touch the local fame of the gentlemen at Boston, or wound in any manner the sensitive feelings of New England?" This is further enforced by examples of "other suppressions and omissions" shown by comparison of letters of Washington as published by Sparks and as subsequently published from the originals by Peter Force. One of these is as follows:—

"But, perhaps, of all the passages which you have thought proper to suppress, the following, from Washington's confidential letter to the President [of Congress] of July 21, 1775, is the most important:—'Upon my arrival, and since, some complaints have been preferred against officers for cowardice in the late action at Bunker's Hill. Though there were several strong circumstances, and a very general opinion against them, none have been condemned except a Captain Callender of the artillery, who was immediately cashiered. I have been sorry to find it an uncontradicted fact that the principal failure of duty that day was in the officers, though many of them distinguished themselves by their gallant behavior. The soldiers generally showed great spirit and resolution.'"

The defence to be made for the "omissions" is that Mr. Sparks's collection of Washington's Papers was a Selection:—but a selection—from such an editor and of such material—implies, we think, a selection of particular letters, not of parts of letters, unless in the last case the omission be duly noted. From Washington's letters, if from any man's, we must desire the evidence, the

whole evidence, and nothing but the evidence.

Another passage we quote from Lord Mahon, his allusion to his career and principles as an historian, in vindication of his censures of Mr. Sparks, and the "advice gratis" which follows.

"Perhaps I may hold too strong opinions on this subject. But it is a subject on which I have had to think earnestly and often. It is a subject on which my thoughts, at all events, ought not to be rash or immature. My good fortune has enabled me, in the course of my life, to become intrusted with several important manuscript collections; and my bounden duty has been to consider how most properly to use them. The Stuart Papers—namely, the entire correspondence of our exiled princes—were placed at my disposal by the favor of His late Majesty William IV. Most confidential letters—comprising his communications with his Sovereign and with his colleagues—were bequeathed to me, in conjunction with another gentleman, by the confidence of the late Sir Robert Peel.

"If I could hope that the confidence of that great statesman—who was nobly ambitious of fame, but who desired only Truth for its foundation—if, I say, his confidence, and the very many years that have now passed since I first applied myself to historical researches, could give me any claim to address a few words of warning to those far younger men in North America, who are now commencing such researches, and may become hereafter historians of their country,—if, I could hope that what is meant as friendly counsel would not be represented as unauthorized intrusion, I would say to them, 'You are far too great a nation, and have far too high a destiny before you, for all these little devices of suppression and concealment. Be less vain and more proud! Show yourselves as you really are! Publish your State Papers as you find them! Do not in the West treat the characters of your great men as in the East they treat the persons of their Harem slaves! And be assured that by such a system you will not at the end find yourselves the losers. With you, as with us, there may, no doubt, come to light after the lapse of years, many low motives and many unworthy actions, which, on a different system, might still be hidden from the world. But, on the other hand, you will be able to portray as they really were, and with Truth's own inimitable colors, thoughts of the highest patriotism, and deeds of the highest virtue!'

The intrusion feared in this case by Lord Mahon is justly feared, not that he is not entitled to give advice to young historians or that his advice is not good; but that he should arrogantly confine his lecture to young American historians. Mr. Sparks may have made some errors in judgment, but there remains no imputation upon his historical veracity, and we are not aware that American historians as a body have shown any particular want of truthfulness. Let Lord Mahon include his own countrymen and the world at large. The passage looks like a piece of rhetorical fireworks got up to cover the writer's retreat after his compulsory admission of several errata.

We should add that Lord Mahon takes this opportunity to admit an error into which he had involuntarily fallen respecting the character of Gen. Greene—the charge based upon the misconception of a passage of Lafayette, which was pointed out in the last number of the *North American Review*. To the other points of that article he says little.

*Voices of Nature to her Foster Child, the Soul of Man.* By the Author of a "Reel in a Bottle." Edited by Rev. Henry T. Cheever. Scribner.—This volume, on an ever attractive subject, would be of interest were it only for its numerous admirable quotations from the best writers on the subtle topic of which it treats—Coleridge, Wordsworth, John Foster, Chalmers, and our American Richard H. Dana. Its original portions are, we presume, from the Rev. Dr. Cheever, whose appreciation of the symbols of the spiritual life in the natural world has given wings to many an essay. The spirit of this work is amiable, and the treatment suggestive. It will do good, were it only by its indications to a large class of readers—perhaps not generally cognizant of such things—of the great mines of wealth laid up in our English literature. It is a good service Dr. Cheever does his friends when he makes them participators of a real enjoyment of his favorite authors. The divisions of the book—with the seasons of the year—admit of a genial treatment, which is not neglected. In its religious improvements it is marked by the well known handling of the author.

*Cicero's Tusculan Disputations; with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory.* By Charles Anthon. Harpers.—This edition is prepared by Dr. Anthon on the basis of the Leipsic publication of Tischer, adopting the translation of the notes by the Rev. R. B. Paul, of Oxford, as employed by Arnold, with such corrections and additions, both of text and comment, as the American editor's reading and studies supply, "from the time of Bentley to our own days." It is thus a capital edition, armed at all points—following the usual excellent arrangement of Anthon's publications. In his preface Dr. Anthon throws out a small tub for objecting critics, to certain liberal features of his editions—"Mr. Arnold thinks that the amount of Tischer's notes is very judiciously proportioned to the real wants of the student, an opinion not only correct in itself, but which, it is hoped, will find many advocates on this side of the Atlantic. For those who are afraid of extended commentaries, and who prefer that both student and instructor should grope together in edifying darkness, the present work is, of course, not intended." Certainly nothing can be more reasonable.

*The Spaniards and their Country.* By Richard Ford. New Edition. Putnam.—Decidedly one of the best books of modern travel. Its information is full and accurate, having in part, indeed, been originally employed in one of Murray's authentic hand-books, and the style is always lively and agreeable. It is very common to find dull fact and unmeaning flippancy in separate parcels; but to get instruction and amusement combined, without injury to either, is reserved for a few such genial spirits as Mr. Ford. Every one going to Spain or building castles in that country at home should possess this book.

*The National Portrait Gallery, Parts I.—IV.* Peterson & Co.—This is a reprint of the work published in this city by subscription some fifteen years since—a collection of portraits and biographies which has only increased in value by time. The selection of portraits is from the most eminent personages of the country past and present, and the preparation of the letter-press frequently drew upon original and valuable material. The plan of republication is an issue of forty numbers in octavo, each to contain three portraits with biographical notices, to form when completed four volumes at the low price of ten dollars for the whole. This is a price which should secure a very large circulation for the work in American households. The numbers before us opening with George Washington, the two phases of his character in the portraits by Trumbull



and Stuart, contain also Jefferson, Hancock, Carroll, Scott, Wayne, Maconough, Washington Irving, Bishop White, John Marshall. Durand was the engraver of several of these portraits—the originals of which seem generally to have been chosen with discretion. William Terry, 113 Nassau street, is the New York agent for this publication.

Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co. have published parts 8 and 9 of their small octavo single volume edition of the *Waverley Novels*, including *Ivanhoe* and the *Monastery*.

Long & Brother send us the October number of *Godey's Lady's Book*, which is growing very miscellaneous and comprehensive in its character, with a bit of everything to catch the uncertain taste of the times—and the first number of *Arthur's Home Magazine*, a monthly miscellany of 80 pages of original and selected matter, at the price of two dollars per annum.

Dickens's *Bleak House*, No. VII., is issued by the Harpers. It is full of strongly painted scenes of the gnarled and stunted growth of the Great Metropolis.

#### MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

—THE *London Spectator* in a late number "makes a point" against American Literature:

"It is remarked by travellers, that however individual Americans may differ—as the observing shepherd can detect physiognomical differences in his flock,—there is a general resemblance throughout the Union. The remark may be truly applied to American books. Poetry and travels with hardly an exception, historical novels and tales without any exception, and works on or about history, have a certain family likeness. As one star differs from another in brightness, and yet they are all stars, so one American writer on history differs from another in point of merit, yet their kind of merit is alike. Washington Irving's mode of composition is the type of them all, and consists in making the most of things. The landscape is described, not to possess the reader with the features of the country so far as they are essential to the due apprehension of the historical event, but as a thing important in itself, and sometimes as a thing adapted to show off the writing or the writer. The costumes are not only indicated, to remind the reader of the various peoples engaged, but dwelt upon with the unction of a virtuoso. The march is narrated in detail; the accessories are described in their minutiae; and the probable or possible feelings of the actors are laid before the reader. Sometimes this mode of composition is used sparingly and chastely, as by Bancroft; sometimes more fully, as by Theodore Irving in his *Conquest of Florida*; other styles (in the sense of expressing ideas) than the model may also preponderate, so as to suggest no idea of the author of the *Sketch-Book* and the *Conquest of Granada*; but, more or less, the literary sketcher or tale-writer has encroached upon the province of the historian."

—A partisan paper in speaking of Mr. Hawthorne's "Life of Pierce," takes advantage of the use of a customary critic phrase to be quite shrewd. It is the Washington Union which in announcing the publication of the book, says it "is as pleasant reading as the BEST of the author's romances!"

—As another sign and token in the Copyright heaven, we give (from the *Tribune*) the following letter from a London publisher addressed to an American author, Mrs. Stowe:

"MADAM: I beg respectfully to address you on the subject of your work, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' an edition of which I am now printing for sale in this country.

"There have been two editions published here as yet, but both of them in very inferior style, and I thought there must yet be room for a well printed edition.

"I do not think it right, however, to avail myself of the present defective state of the Copyright laws, and to reprint the works of an author, though belonging to another country (which in my opinion does not alter the principle of the thing at all), without making him or her a fair remuneration. I beg, therefore, to offer you a 'royalty' of three pence on every copy sold, which I shall have much pleasure in transmitting to you in any way you may request. My edition must, of course, be a cheap one, as the work is being printed in this country for *sixpence*; but it will be printed well, and have in every respect a creditable appearance.

"As you will probably not know my name, I may mention that I succeeded the late Mr. Fraser, who established and was the proprietor of Fraser's Magazine.

"I have the honor to be, Madam, your most obedient servant, THOMAS BOSWORTH.

"London, 215 Regent st., Aug. 13, 1852."

—Of the recent Louis Napoleon Ball in the Fish Market, Paris, M. Gaillardet presents this graphic sketch, in brief:

"From a vanity which was matter of regret, the ladies and porters of the market had renounced for this occasion the traditional and picturesque costume of their profession. They had disguised themselves as citizens retired from business, and some among them were even covered with diamonds. But if the ball did not have the peculiarity with which it might have been marked, it has certainly retained an originality without equal. Satin was seen rubbing against calico, the pearl diadem mingled with the round or pointed cap, the hat harmonized with the mob cap—the cane with the apron, the white cravat with one of all colors, gloved hands with hands stained with black. No pencil can paint this social harlequinade, this salmagundi of toilets and professions.—Nothing was wanting to this salad turned over and over again, not even the perfume of the vegetables and the odor of frying, which usually fills the place. To augment this confusion of confusions, the heavens unchained its cataracts on the swarming mass, and one of the spectators, alarmed by a thunder clap, fell headlong into the basin of the fountain. But the love of dancing and the fire of curiosity braved the inclemency of the heavens, which had shown themselves till the last but little propitious to the Napoleon fête."

—If this announcement be sustained, it will show a curious coincidence between the language of a portion of the red men of America and that of the Saxons, who formed our English idiom in monosyllables:

"Mr. Schoolcraft, we understand, has obtained a full vocabulary of the language of the Pueblo Indians, who recently visited Washington from the Rio Grande, in New Mexico. It is found to abound in monosyllables; a trait not common, in its elementary forms, with our Western tribes. Vocabularies have also been obtained of the Arapahoes and Cheyenes; all which will facilitate the understanding of the true history of these tribes."

—The festivities of the "Guild of Literature," at Manchester, were duly accomplished, by the performance of the Amateur Company, and by introductory and subsequent gatherings, with speeches by Bulwer, Dickens, Charles Knight, Thackeray, Stephen the historian, Monkton Milnes, Mr. Bright, M.P., Rev. Dr. Vaughan, and other local and general celebrities, in all of which the contrasted elements of church and state, stage

and chancel, were represented and mingled harmoniously together, as we remember on no other occasion. The proceedings are admirably reported in the *Manchester Examiner*, so far as relates to the opening of the Free Library, occupying some twenty columns—and the banquet is fully chronicled in the *London Examiner*.

—A London correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* is disposed to visit upon the celebrated French tragedienne, the entire mammon-spirit of the age. We cannot see the distinction he would make. The correspondent says Rachel has just returned to Paris from her foreign tour, and proceeds:

"She was dining day before yesterday with the most celebrated amphictyon of France, Veron of the *Constitutionnel*, and a dozen congenial spirits of our sex, at the Doctor's famous residence *la tuilerie* of Auteuil. We have not yet seen published the amount of the profits of her recent excursion. It is doubtless a round sum that will go far to satisfy the proverbial appetite of her race, which she is known to possess in a remarkable degree. She employs all the vacations allowed her at the French theatre in traversing the Provinces of France and the capitals of Europe, at the head of a special company of actors and actresses, of which her brother is manager. She is unquestionably the first tragedienne of her day, but she practises her noble art less nobly; she uses her admirable talent with less apparent consciousness of its lofty nature, and more exclusively with an eye to its value as a source of revenue, than any eminent artist of her day."

How the correspondent discovers this he does not inform us.

—To the same correspondent we are indebted for an exposition of another French celebrity:

"Alexander Dumas, who is a civil rather than a political proscrip—it being understood that he has fled from France temporarily to avoid the importunities of his numerous creditors—is at present in Rome collecting materials, as he says in a concerted letter just published in the *Pays*, for a new work—'Isaac Laquedem'—which he has engaged to write for that journal. He is now publishing in the *Presse* an interminable work which he calls his own *Memoirs*; but for the facts of which he is infinitely more indebted to his imagination than to his memory. Hardly a day passes but we see in the journals some denial of facts stated, or some protest from persons who are lugged into the very amusing but not at all reliable narrations of M. Dumas. He takes no notice of the corrections, but goes on telling his imaginary facts with a coolness of impudence that is really without parallel in the history of literature. Dates, names, circumstances, are all invented and related with a minuteness and seeming straightforwardness that almost compels belief. For instance, he is telling in his *Memoirs* how his tragedy 'Christine' was suspended by the censure under the restoration, and how, in order to have the interdiction removed, he resolved to attempt an interview with the chief of the censure, M. Lourdoux. The interview is thus recounted:

"Our interview was short. After a conversation of five minutes' duration, rather tart on both sides—

"'In short, sir,' said he, 'all that you can do will be useless; so long as the elder branch shall be on the throne, and I chief of the censure, your work shall be suspended.'

"'Very well, sir,' said I, making my bow, 'I will wait.'

"'Sir,' replied M. Lourdoux, ironically, 'that witticism has been said before.'

"I repeat it, then." I then took my leave.

"Now it so happens that M. Lourdoux is at present editor of the *Gazette de France*. In his paper of yesterday he denies the conversation reported, and proves it to have been impossible, for he had resigned the office in the censorship, which he had held two years, before 'Christine' was suspended."

— Among the musical sparkles which the Old World is throwing off in this direction, we note as claiming a peculiar brilliancy of its own, the juvenile star, Mlle. Camille Urso—a performer on the violin, eleven years of age, and commended to public respect and consideration by celebrities like Auber, Thalberg, Herz, Vieuxtemps; from our own hearing we shall report a judgment after the first appearance of the young claimant, which takes place on Thursday evening, 30th.

— The following letter of the editor of the *Tribune* in reply to a subscriber, who complains that he has "too much reading" furnished to him in these double sheets, is too good to be overlooked: the correspondent may be imaginary, but the hit is nevertheless a palpable one: John H. Smith is the gentleman who writes, and here is the answer:

"Dear John—Your case is distressing, but it is by no means so peculiar as you seem to imagine. It is not in 'The Tribune' alone, nor even in Reading generally, that people labor under a difficulty akin to yours. For instance, your brother Baxter Smith came down here from the country the other day, and stopped at the Astor House, but had to quit—the living was too much for him. The food was very good and abundant—in fact, too much so—and that did him up. He didn't eat more than half way down the bill of fare, while he saw others on every side who had got very near the bottom of it, and were still working away when he left the dinner-table, so full that he could hardly stand or walk. He had a touch of the Cholera the second day, and was threatened with Apoplexy—so he had to quit the Astor abruptly and to take board at a chop-house, where he only ate what he called and paid for, plate by plate. Had he staid, the coffin-maker would have taken his measure before this time.

"Then there was your cousin, John Z. Smith, who came down and bought a ticket to Barnum's Museum, and found it a regular gouge. He thought he was going to see every curious object in the world, and perhaps he might have done so; but after looking his eyes almost out of his head, for nine or ten hours, and giving himself a torturing headache, he had to give up, leaving half the objects unseen, because the attendants began to blow out the lights, and told him it was time to shut up and go home.

"And then your nephew, John Wilkins Smith, who came down with a sloop-load of turnips, sold them satisfactorily, and thereupon resolved to treat himself to a salt-water bath, which he did; but staying in two hours in order to get the full worth of his money, he came out with an ague, and is now suffering severely from rheumatic debility. His case is even harder than yours; for you can stop *The Tribune*, and he has been trying to stop the ague, and can't.

"There are more such cases, but let them pass. We will stop your paper, very cheerfully, but we can't stop putting in more than any one patron will be likely to peruse. In fact, we can't give each reader what he wants of the news of the day without giving his neighbor a great deal that he *don't* want. Nor can we give any one just what he needs to-day without inserting many things that he

probably would not want to-morrow. So we must try to present a bill of fare from which various appetites may be satisfied, though each may leave a good deal untouched. Good by, John!"

#### THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

THOUGH the approaching Industrial Exhibition cannot be expected to rival that recently held in London, either in splendor or variety, it will doubtless prove worthy of the country, and reflect credit on the progress it has made in every branch of the sciences, arts, and manufactures. There is, however, one department in which we may fearlessly enter into a competition with any of our elders in civilization, and even claim a superiority over them; namely, the department of useful, economical, and scientific inventions. The inventive genius of our countrymen forms, indeed, their leading characteristic, and is admitted to be unsurpassed by that of any other people. Young as we yet are, the diffusive usefulness of some of the contributions made to the sciences and practical arts by American ingenuity, have rendered the whole world our debtors; while the lightning-rod, the rail-car, and the electric telegraph crown the national name with a glory that the oldest and proudest of our contemporaries might well court and envy. A conspicuous department, then, of the exhibition ought, we think, both from considerations of gratitude and national pride, to be dedicated to the reception and display of such memorials of the great inventions of our country, of those "sons of light," who in their generation did so much to benefit society and advance the world, as can be obtained, either by purchase or loan, from private individuals or from public collections. Autographs and short letters of Franklin or Godfrey (the inventor of the quadrant), of Fulton, of Oliver Evans\* (the originator of the railway and rail-car), and of Morse, the author of the electric telegraph, might doubtless be procured without much difficulty for the occasion, and might be exhibited (to secure them from injury) in glazed cases—as is done in the British Museum—where many such memorials and relics of the great men of that country are thus preserved and displayed for the gratification of strangers and visitors. To these should be added such busts, portraits, or statues of these distinguished individuals as may exist, or can be obtained for the temporary use of the Exhibition. In the case where portraits are the only mementoes of this kind to be obtained, it would be advisable that plaster casts or busts should be modelled from, and substituted for them; as these would be better suited for exhibition than bad or faded paintings, inferior engravings, or mere miniature likenesses. It would be a further improvement to adorn the pedestals of these busts with models, in *tight relief*, of those great or more prominent inventions which, by their usefulness, splendor, and originality, do no less honor to the nation than to their illustrious authors. Beneath these, brief commemorative inscriptions might be added, which should consist of not more than one sentence or single stanza: for those who might undertake to furnish these inscriptions, should, we think, have the privilege of expressing themselves either in prose or

verse as might best suit them. Some of the eminent writers of our country might, perhaps, be induced to employ their pens in drawing up these inscriptive sentences, which, we repeat, should be as concise and condensed as their authors, by often turning them on the anvil, and keeping the ancient models ever in their view, can possibly make them. Perhaps the offer of prizes for the best or most appropriate and neatly turned of these compositions would be an advisable measure, should the managers deem the suggestion here thrown out worthy of their attention, or of being acted upon. The amounts to be awarded need not to be made very high, where the honor of success rather than the sum to be gained, would form the chief object of the writers who might be induced to contend for these distinctions. As some six hundred and odd dollars were not long since awarded by an Association in your city, to the writers of two conundrums of no remarkable wit or worth, there could be no difficulty, we presume, in raising a small fund for the useful and patriotic object here recommended. In order to illustrate more fully the ideas we have thus thrown out, we subjoin a few specimens of the style in which the designs, illustrative of the inventions which it is more particularly desirable to signalize on the occasion, should be hit off, and executed. On the Bust of Franklin, for instance—a bared arm, grasping a rod or wand—presented towards an impending or sculptured cloud, from which the forked flash should be represented as descending, would form a sufficiently significant sketch; though a skilful artist would probably easily devise one more tasteful and appropriate. Beneath this, a sentence or a stanza to the following effect should, in compliance with the suggestions we have submitted, be inscribed:

Crown, Science, with thy halo bright,  
Columbia's unrivalled sage—  
Who stayed the lightning's flaming flight,  
Its terrors tamed—disarmed its rage.

A bust of the immortal inventor of the Electric Telegraph would, of course, form one of the series; and should bear on its base or on the same block from which it was moulded, a representation of the *Lightning Line* with its pillars, wires, &c., and as passing over mountains and descending into and emerging from streams, and as stretching from sea to sea, or between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The former might be designated by its ever heaped up or "still vexed" billows—and the latter by its abysmal sleep or the unwrinkled smoothness of its "azure brow." Indistinct delineations or mere vaporous sketches of the flying Spirits of Intelligence—coursing along its thread-like and scarcely visible track—might, perhaps, be given, if the work were confided to the hands of a first rate artist. But so delicate a representation could at any rate be better given on canvas than by a cast, however well the latter might be executed. A sentence or stanza, embodying the idea conveyed in the following imperfect lines, might perhaps form a sufficiently suitable epigraph for this bust:

Thou Morse! with mighty hand hast wrought  
The wondrous Railway of the mind—  
With lightnings laid—where leaves the thought,  
Viewless the dart, the breeze behind.

We have, we believe, said enough, Messrs.

\* "Who from the stable of the sun,  
With smoky breath and whirlwind force,  
His course around the world to run—  
Who led the fire-winged Iron-horse!"



Editors, to give a general, yet clear idea of the mode in which we think that the proposed department of the Exhibition might be furnished and arranged. A department thus garnished and filled, could not fail to add greatly both to the dignity and interest to the proposed collective and assorted display of the industrial productions of the nation, and of its achievements in the sciences and arts. It would also form a splendid and impressive illustration of the close and natural connexion that exists between Genius, Science, and the useful arts. A group of statues from the chisel of a Powers or a Greenough, typical of this alliance, or which should represent Invention and Labor, Science and Utility, as leaning on each other, with gracefully entwined arms and sisterly smiles, on the same pedestal, would form an appropriate ornament (were there time to procure such a work from some of our great artists), to the entrance or vestibule of the magnificent structure, with which the friends of knowledge and industry propose to adorn your city, and rival the splendors and glassy glories of the far-famed Crystal Palace.

FULTON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

IV.

## QUEBEC, TO THE SAGUENAY.

Is bidding adieu to Quebec, I will take occasion to return no thanks to it for water. Poisoned by the impurities of the Ottawa coming in above, it is about the worst on the continent in summer for the traveller. A free use of it is very apt, as we found to our cost, to induce a species of cholera.

And now, adieu to Quebec, Queen of the North, daughter of troops, whose seat is upon the rocks. We left Quebec by candle-light. Literally so, for we left in the dark, neither moon nor star in the rainy sky, and, save one poor little sperm blaze in our cabin, nothing but the lights of the city shining off upon the black waste of what I shall choose to call the Lower St. Lawrence.

But here let me go back a little. The object of our excursion from the beginning was trout and salmon fishing in the Saguenay, and wherever else time and chance might determine. Our delay at Quebec was in part owing to preparations necessary to be made in order to a perfect enjoyment of so grand a piscatory expedition. Do not imagine that such devout followers of old Walton as my friend and I, had anything to add by way of fishing-tackle. No, Isaac himself would doubtless have been delighted with our outfit in all that appertains to angling. Our poles were of the most approved style, stocked well with the nicest tips for bait or fly. Conroy had no finer reels, no longer, no rarer lines. As to leaders, hooks, and flies, and all the minute things requisite for your thorough-bred angler, I need only say, we had an assortment that would have answered us for the four seasons, and for a hundred streams. My companion, I may add, to whom all this splendid equipage really belongs, has long since graduated in the gentle art, while I am myself at least a sophomore.

Our delay was mainly for a vessel. You are aware, perhaps, that Quebec is the Ultima Thule of steamboats. One descends occasionally on pleasure excursions, but later in the season. We must, therefore, charter

a vessel expressly for ourselves. It will be recollected that we are married men, and that our better halves were with us, going to share our fatigues, dangers, and triumphs. This placed the common little salmon craft and mere fisherman's fare quite below us, and called for a more luxurious as well as safer turn-out down the blue Broadway to the Gulf. Such, at length, we obtained through the kindness of Mr. Richard Price, a younger son of Mr. Daniel Price, the opulent miller and shipper of deals; to whom also we were indebted for letters of introduction to persons below.

If these trifling papers were fiction, I might style our vessel a yacht: as they are entirely fact, I must call it what it was, a small schooner of thirty tons—a lumberman—in sea phrase, well found. She might have gone, I verily believe, in search of Sir John, and come back again without him, about as well as any of them.

About sunset the coach let us out on the wharf, and we embarked. I will now invite you to look aboard of us, say about 11 o'clock in the evening, the 7th of June, as we were losing sight of the candles of Quebec. As they were almost the only visible objects, and as I gazed back upon them silently and thoughtfully myself, I will point them out to you. There they are, off in the southwest, two ranges of them, a lower range burning on a level with the water, a higher one sparkling along the sky like so many evening stars. It rains slightly. An indescribable loneliness broods over our little ship. All of us are in a tender musing mood. Home and the unknown chances of the deep are interwoven in the piece going through the subtle loom of the mind. Sails are set—dark sails in the darkness. We feel no motion, and yet we are moving; the sound below our bow tells us that we are stepping upon and crushing troops of little waves, black waves in the misty darkness. The breeze is after us, a very lady of a breeze, soft and fair. It seems too gentle to go by us, pressing gently on the bosom of our sails. But we are running. The Marie Cyrene, on a powerful tide, moving hand in hand with a strong and solemn current, is running off upon the Lower St. Lawrence some two leagues an hour, the captain tells me—Captain Boniface Girard, a young Canadian of twenty, with his crew of one man, Dan. Our cabin is almost too small to describe. The two berths belong to the ladies; the seat running round below them and the floor belong to the husbands. In the hold is a very light ballast of stone, and our stores for a fortnight. While young Boniface is master, we are the directors of the voyage. And our directions are, "Sail for the mouth of the Saguenay." "And so sailed we," as the Captain Kid song says, of early memory.

I do not remember that I ever slept all night before that, our first night on the Lower St. Lawrence, upon my elbow. With a single rose blanket about me, I went to sleep with the sound of rain upon the deck, leaning upon my elbow, pillowing the face upon the hand. A not unpleasant panorama of dreams, now and then broken by voices and noises above, played its fantastic tricks around me. To my surprise, it was day before I had expected it. As I had dressed the morning before at the Albion at least for this morning also, I was no sooner well awake than on deck. The Marie Cyrene fled before the southwest wind like a bird.

Her sails in the dawn, almost as white as the wings of a dove, were bearing us down the northwest rapidly into the wilderness. The St. Lawrence, now from ten to twelve miles wide, presented an expanse of dark green water dashed with white caps, with here and there a cloud of canvas moving in the distance—a scene not unworthy the ocean itself. Our southern shore was a slope of numberless narrow farms reaching far back, newly green, and fronted by that same continuous line of white buildings, now and then thickening into villages, and marked with the pretty, bright spires of parish churches. On the other hand, the river seemed to wash the very base of the Catskills. So complete was the resemblance to them, particularly in the earlier part of the day, while the summits were more or less immersed in clouds, that we could scarcely make it appear we were not sailing up the Hudson, widened out to the mountains. At one point, we all exclaimed with delight and surprise, "There is the Mountain House!" It had the same position, elevation, and the kind of desolate scenery, with just such an array of clouds around it as one sees many times a year. I need not say that it was only an enormous bank of snow. The views of the morning, with the exception of an occasional island green with forest, were succeeded all day by those too similar for further description.

We ate the heartiest breakfast that morning, I will venture to say, that we did for a long time afterwards. We had been sick somewhat on land, and were presently going to be a good deal sea-sick, so here was a little despotism of appetite to which we cheerfully submitted. If you ask how many cooks we had, I will tell you four, bearing the same proportion to our party as twenty cooks to the company at a certain Welsh banquet—every man present toasting his own cheese. I do not mean exactly that each one of us prepared his own dish. I mean, simply, all four of us had either a hand or a voice in all the dishes. By noon a rough sea rocked us into a frame of feelings not only suggestive of an indefinite postponement of dinner, but of a doubt as to whether some of us were not minus all that great breakfast. These were perplexities upon which we had not much counted, and went far towards reducing the romance of our voyage to a reality somewhat painful as well as dull—the common fate, I have noticed, of nearly all romantic anticipations. There was, though, this balsam thought about it, a hundred and twenty miles of the Lower St. Lawrence were behind us, and the rugged headland, on the other side of which was the mouth of the Saguenay, in view, distant northerly ten or a dozen miles.

We were now in the heart of a beautiful afternoon, and looking forward to a happy entrance by sunset, at least, into the wonderful river. We all laid ourselves out to sun and freshen in the sweet south wind, and try to feel what we said—that we were in the realms of the grand picturesque. Nature seemed to have sympathy for us, and to wish to make amends for some rude treatment. She smoothed the billows, and gave them the polish of a mirror: she warmed the space around us, and made the shadow of our sails grateful: she dappled the blue of her heavens with soft and silvery fleeces: made the distant steeples glitter and dwellings shine: tempered the desolate cliffs near at hand, dissolving around them a visible at-

mosphere of brightness. The sick and troublous past melted away from our recollection, and we really *felt* what we said, that we were in the region of the beautiful and picturesque. And so the close of the day drew nigh. But not so did the rocky cape of the Saguenay. There it sat on the far-off water, the image of repose or a solemn dream, and all between us a luminous and breathless calm. In the magnificence of the hour the very breeze expired, and left it to the tide and current to decide our fortune for the remainder of the day. The extraordinary depth of the St. Lawrence here forbade coming to anchor, and so we floated at the will of the stream. In the thin of the evening a faint breeze out of the northwest enabling us to beat very slowly, we ran down, in one of our tacks, hard upon the mountains, as the Captain told us, "to show us the boldness of the shore." It was a *very* bold shore. We could have leaped from our bowsprit upon the jagged granite with not less, and possibly much more, than fifty fathoms of water at the stern. I do not remember ever to have been more awfully impressed with the loneliness of nature in the uninhabited solitudes, and the terrible sublimity of mountain forms than at that moment. Crags, cliffs, and clumps of the immortal fir, mingling into one, composed a scene precipitous and vast. Contemplated through the gloomy obscurity of evening, the horrid and stupendous were doubly magnified, wild imagination piling desolateness and danger up to the very skies. Excited by the terrific character of this strange and savage wilderness, rather than quieted by the solemnity of its stillness and solitude, we again retired to our little cabin to witness another panorama of fantastic dreams.

L. I. N.

## THE LAURENS PAPERS.

## EDITORS LIT. WORLD:

In connexion with the proposed Life of Henry Laurens, by Mr. Simms, mentioned in your last issue, perhaps it may be of use to give the title of a small 16mo. vol. which contains some interesting facts relative to that family, and some letters from Mr. Laurens's pen. It is—

"Memoirs of the Life of Martha Laurens Ramsay, who died in Charleston, S. C., on the 10th of June, 1811, in the 52d year of her age, with an Appendix containing extracts from her diary, letters, and other private papers. And also, from Letters written to her, by her father, Henry Laurens, 1771-1776. By DAVID RAMSAY, M.D., 2d Ed. Charlestown, Mass., 1812."

"There is also a 3d Ed. Boston, printed by S. T. Armstrong, 1812."

Thus far our correspondent. We learn that the little volume above mentioned is well known in the South, though now out of print; and are further advised that Mr. Simms is in possession of a large body of unpublished MSS. of the Revolutionary and Ante-Revolutionary period, all bearing, more or less, on the subject of his proposed memoir, which is also to comprise that of Col. Laurens, the son of the President of Congress.

## VARIETIES.

## TO MIDSUMMER DAY.

Crown of the Year, how bright thou shinest!  
How little in thy pride divinest  
Inevitable all! albeit  
We who stand round about thee see it.

Shine on; shine bravely. There are near  
Other bright children of the Year,  
Almost as high, and much like thee  
In features and infective glee;  
Some happy to call forth the mower,  
And hear his sharpened scythe sweep o'er  
Rank after rank: then others wait  
Before the grange's open gate,  
And watch the nodding wain, or watch  
The fretted domes beneath the thatch,  
Till young and old at once take wing  
And promise to return in spring.  
Yet I am sorry, I must own,  
Crown of the Year! when thou art gone.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

June, 1852.

PROGRESS OF MORMONISM.—It is astonishing how this queer and despised doctrine goes ahead in all countries. The mission in India seems to be stealing a march on the Christian mission there. The Latter-Day Saints in and within forty miles of Calcutta are one hundred and ninety-two, of whom one hundred and seventy are ryots or native husbandmen. Nearly all of them were Christians before becoming Mormons. There are also many others who desire to become Saints, and are only waiting to be baptized by Elder Willis. At Bombay, Elder Findlay is also sowing the seed of a future rich harvest to the Church. Elder Willis has ordained two other Elders, J. P. Meik and M. Cune. He says the coldness and divisions among the sects there are favorable to the cause of Mormon truth. The Elders have been blessed with the gift of healing. The Saints in Hindostan, with one heart, sustain the authorities of the Church, Presidents Young, Kimball, and Richards, the Twelve, the Seventies, the High Council, and all the organization of the Church in Deseret, and elsewhere, and pray that Heaven's blessings may continue to be poured out on them.—*Tribune*.

A HOUSEHOLD RAT.—Some time ago the driver of a Bow and Stratford omnibus was moving some trusses of hay in his hay-loft, when, snugly coiled up in a corner, he found a little miserable-looking rat, whose mamma having carefully tucked him up in bed, had gone out on a foraging expedition to find something for her darling's supper. The little fellow being of a remarkable piebald color, excited the pity of the omnibus man, who took him up, and brought him home to his family. The little children soon took to their new pet, and named him Ikey, after their eldest brother, whose name was Isaac. The little creature soon grew up and reciprocated the kindness he had received by excessive tameness towards every member of the family. He was therefore allowed to roam about the house at perfect liberty. His favorite seat was inside the fender, or on the clean white hearth, but, strange to say, he would never get on it unless it was perfectly clean. On one occasion, when the good wife was cleaning the hearth, she gave Master Rat a push; up he jumped on the hob, and finding it an agreeable resting-place, there he stayed. As the fire grew brighter and brighter, so the hob became warmer and warmer, till at last it became unpleasantly hot; but he would not move from his perch till the hair on his legs and body became quite singed with the heat.

His master had perfect control over him, and made, for his special benefit, a little whip, with which he made him sit upon his hind legs in a begging posture, jump through a whalebone hoop, drag a small cart to which he was harnessed, carry sticks, money, &c., in his mouth, and perform many other amusing tricks.

The rat perfectly understood the meaning of the whip, for whenever it was produced, and his master's countenance betrayed coming wrath, in fear and trembling he would scamper up the

sides of the room or up the curtains, and perch himself on the cornice, waiting there till a kind word from his master brought him down again, hopping about and squeaking with delight. In these gambols of mirth he would run so fast round after his tail, that it was almost impossible to distinguish what the whirling object was. At night he would exhibit another catlike habit, for he would stretch himself out at full length before the fire on the rug, and seemed to enjoy this luxurious way of warming himself. This love of warmth made him sometimes a troublesome creature, for when he found the fire going out and the room becoming cold, he would creep up into his master's bed, and try to insert his little body under the clothes. He was never allowed to remain here long, but was made to decamp as soon as his presence was ascertained; he then took up his refuge in the folds of his master's clothes, which were placed on a chair, and of these he was allowed to retain quiet possession till the morning. The master became so fond of his rat that he taught him at the word of command, "Come along, Ikey," to jump into his great-coat pocket in the morning, when he went out to his daily occupation of driving the 'bus.

He did not, however, carry him all day in his pocket, but put him in the boot of his 'bus to act as guard to his dinner; but why did not the rat eat his master's dinner? Because, as said the man, "I always gives him his belly-full when I has my own breakfast before starting." The dinner was never touched, except when it happened to consist of plum-pudding. This Ikey could not resist, his greediness overcame his sense of right, and he invariably devoured the plums, leaving the less dainty parts of the repast for his master. The rat acted as a famous guard to the provisions, for whenever any of the idle fellows who are always seen lounging about the public houses where the omnibuses bait, attempted to commit a theft, and run off with the bundle out of the boot, Ikey would fly out at them from under the straw, and effectually put to flight the robbers.

At night he was taken home in his master's pocket, and partook of the family supper, but if any strangers happened to be present, he was taken with a shy fit, and in spite of his hunger secreted himself till they had gone.

His teeth, after a time, became bad and worn out, and the children finding this out, delighted to give him a sort of hard cake made of treacle, called, in infant parlance, jumbles, or brandy-snacks; of these Ikey, in his younger days, was very fond, but now, on the contrary, they gave him much trouble to masticate, and his perseverance and rage when attacking the said brandy-snacks caused the young folks many a hearty laugh.

This rat is, I believe, still alive and enjoys good health, though the weight of age pressing on his hoary head requires many little attentions from his kind and tender-hearted protectors.—*English Magazine*.

A WORD ON LITERARY FORGERIES.—While, however, we express our admiration at the unexampled skill which Mr. Surtees displayed in these pseudo-old ballads, we cannot withhold our reprehension from the manner in which he introduced them to public notice:—"The following romantic fragment (which I have no further meddled with than to fill up a hemistich, and complete rhyme and metre) I have from the imperfect recitation of Ann Douglas, a withered crone, who weeded in my garden." Such is the statement sent by Mr. Surtees to Sir Walter Scott respecting "Bartram's Dirge," every syllable of which we now know was written by himself! In like manner, "Albany Featherstonhaugh" was sent to Scott with the remark, that it also was taken down from the recitation of an old woman, who remembered it being sung in her youth "until the rafters



skirled again." It was accompanied by learned notes, respecting which Sir Walter says, "your notes upon the parties concerned give it all the interest of authenticity; and it must rank, I suppose, among those half-serious, half-ludicrous songs, in which the poets of the Border delighted to describe what they considered as 'the sport of swords.'" Indeed, so well assured was Scott of its authenticity, that in the last edition of the "Border Minstrelsy," published but a year before his death, it still retains its place. Now, the duplicity of Chatterton under precisely similar circumstances, has often been sternly denounced; but what shall we say to a gentleman of allowed probity doing for a mere whim what that "marvellous boy" did actually for bread? Surely, the reverence for truth, as truth—and this alone affords a solid basis for veracity—must be weak in the mind which plays with falsehood even in the guise of a spurious ballad. Indeed, we cannot well imagine a man fitted for an historian who could display so little reverence for historical truth.—*Athenæum: Review of "Memoirs of R. Surtees."*

LATEST ENGLISH VIEW OF THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.—Viewing with the Parisian in dress—the Englishman in energy—cautious as a Dutchman—impulsive as an Irishman—patriotic as Tell—brave as Wallace—cool as Wellington—and royal as Alexander; there he goes—the American citizen! In answering your questions, or speaking commonly, his style is that of the ancient Spartan; but put him on a stump, with an audience of whigs, democrats, or barn-burners, and he becomes a compound of Tom Cribb and Demosthenes, a fountain of eloquence, passion, sentiment, sarcasm, logic, and drollery, altogether different from anything known or imagined in the Old World states. Say anything of anybody (as public men) untied with conventional phraseology, he swings his rhetorical mace with a vigorous arm, crushing the antagonistic principle or person into a most villainous compound. See him at dinner, he despatches his meal with a speed which leads you to suppose him a ruminating animal, yet enjoying his cigarro for an hour afterwards, with the gusto and *enrui* of a Spaniard.

Walking right on, as if it were life against time, with the glass at fever-heat, yet taking it cool in the most serious and pressing matter, a compound of the Red Man, Brummel, and Franklin,—statesman and laborer, on he goes,—divided and subdivided in politics and religion,—professionally opposed with a keenness of competition in vain looked for in even in England; yet, let but the national rights or liberty be threatened, and that vast nation stands a pyramid of resolve, united as one man, with heart, head, hand, and purse, burning with a Roman zeal to defend inviolate the cause of the commonwealth.

To him who has lived among the Americans, and looked largely at the theory and practice of their government and its executive, there remains no possible doubt that the greatest amount of personal security and freedom has been produced from the least amount of cost of any nation in the world. Culling its principles and wisdom from the history of all empires, it stands the nearest of all earthly systems to perfection, because it is built on and embodies those principles which God hath proclaimed in his attributes.—*Casey's Two Years on the Farm of Uncle Sam.*

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The spirit of the two compositions R. A. W. and J. L. G. is excellent, but they are rather of an exclusively personal character than suited to our more general columns.

Mr. CHARLES SCRIBNER has in press the following works, which will be ready soon—"The

Progress of Nations in Civilization, Productive Industry, Wealth, and Population." Illustrated by Statistics of Mining, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Coin, Banking, Internal Improvements, Emigration, and Population, by Ezra C. Seaman, 1 vol. 12mo. "An Illustrated Edition of Napoleon and his Marshals," by J. T. Headley, 1 vol. 8vo., containing about 50 engravings. "Gems from Fable Land; or, Fables Illustrated by Facts," by Wm. Oland Bourne, illustrated by over 50 engravings, 1 vol. 12mo. "Mercantile Morals; a Book for Young Merchants," by Rev. W. H. Van Doren, 1 vol. 16mo. "Our First Mother," 1 vol. 16mo. "Queer Bonnets; a Book for Girls," by Mrs. Tutbill, illustrated, 1 vol. 16mo. "Silver-string," with eight tinted illustrations, a gift-book for the young, by Wm. Oland Bourne, 1 vol. 16mo. "Home-Life in Germany; a Picture of Social Life in the North of Germany," by C. L. Brace, author of Hungary in 1851, 1 vol. 12mo. "Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," by Donald McLeod, author of Pynshurst, his Wanderings and Ways of Thinking, 1 vol. 12mo. "A New Work by J. T. Headley; the first volume of a Series of American Generals of the War of 1812: this volume will contain "Lives of Winfield Scott, Andrew Jackson," etc. "Frank Freeman's Barber Shop; a Tale for the South and North," by Rev. B. R. Hall, 1 vol. 12mo. "A Summer's Cruise in the Mediterranean, on Board an American Frigate," by N. P. Willis, 1 vol. 12mo.

REDFIELD has several new and important works in preparation, including—"The Speeches and Addresses of Thos. F. Meagher; with an Introductory Historical Narrative of the late Political Disturbances in Ireland." "Count and Madame Pulszky's Account of their Own and Kossuth's Tour in America," a copyright work, to be simultaneously issued in London. "The Puritans of New England," by H. W. Herbert. Also "Marnaduke Wyvil," by the same Author.

A new work by Mr. Huntington, the author of "The Lady Alice," will appear immediately from the press of Redfield. It is entitled "The Forest," and the scene is laid in the Adirondack region of New York.

#### LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 4TH TO THE 25TH SEPT.

##### AMERICAN BOOKS.

Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion; with an Analysis left unfinished by the late Rev. Robert Emay, D.D. Completed, with a Life of Bishop Butler, Notes and Index. By G. R. Crooks. 12mo. pp. 368 (Harper & Brothers).

Buckingham (Joseph T.)—Personal Memoirs and Recollections of Editorial Life. By Joseph T. Buckingham. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 246, 255 (Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields).

Carey (Alice)—Hagar; a Story of To-Day. By Alice Carey. 12mo. pp. 300 (Redfield).

Cicero's Tusculan Disputations; with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By Charles Anthon. 12mo. pp. 396, with a steel engraving (Harper & Brother).

Champlin (I. T.)—A Short and Comprehensive Greek Grammar; with materials for Oral Exercises. 12mo. pp. 2-3 (D. Appleton & Co.).

Cheever (G. B.)—Voices of Nature to her Foster Child, the Soul of Man. A Series of Analogies between the Natural and Spiritual World. 12mo. pp. 490 (Charles Scribner).

Drake (S. G.)—History of Boston. Illust. No. 1. 8vo. pp. 46 (Boston, O. L. Perkins).

Ellet (Mrs.)—Pioneer Women of the West. 12mo. pp. 434 (C. Scribner).

Fenelon.—Les Aventures de Telemachus. Edited by Louis Faquelle, LL.D. 12mo. pp. 389 (Newman & Ivison).

Hawthorne (N.)—Life of Franklin Pierce. 12mo. pp. 144 (Boston, Ticknor, Reed & Fields).

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